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THE JACKASS SERMON

DELIVERED BY A

REDEMPTORIST FATHER,

IN

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,

MONTREAL,

AT HALF-PAST FIVE ON MONDAY MORNING, 19TH NOV., 1877,

And extracted from the *Montreal Witness* of the same date.

The following is the latest illustration of the education being constantly received by the Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec in regard to their fellows of a different religious belief. With such public utterances it is not difficult to understand why it is that in this Province we have Mayors troubled with yellow-phobia, jurors such as those in the Hackett case, and murders and attempted murders like those of the 12th and 16th of July last. The wonder is that *in spite* of their teachings the Roman Catholics are in the least liberal, not that they are as they are.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

SERMON BY A REDEMPTORIST FATHER.

This (Monday) morning at half-past five one of the Redemptorist fathers preached as follows in St. Patrick's Church :

The art of printing has been considered by some to be a great invention wherever it has been introduced ; but, like all other things which are good in themselves, it has often been used for other purposes than those for which it was intended. It has been used for other purposes than disseminating sound doctrine and sound morals. I wish to speak to you this morning about the classes of literature you must not read, about bad books and bad papers. All bad books or all books forbidden by the Church to be read by good Catholics, may be classed under three heads : first, those whose direct tendency is to destroy the doctrines of the Church ; secondly, those whose influence destroys morals and doctrine indirectly ; thirdly, those whose tendency is neither one nor the other, but to destroy faith. I would warn you, my children, against all such. First, infidel books, by which is meant books written against revelations and intended to destroy a belief in things supernatural—I may mention among these the works of Tom Paine, Darwin, Huxley and such men—accepting only the natural and disbelieving the supernatural. Such books are forbidden by the Church ; even a priest is not permitted to read them, except by permission of the archbishop, who gets the permission from Rome. This permission is sometimes granted to those whose duty it is to refute them. Then there is another class which, while they cannot, strictly speaking, be called infidel, are heretical. Such books include

ALL PROTESTANT WORKS, BEGINNING FIRST WITH THE BIBLE.

If anybody asks me if the Bible is the Word of God, I answer : If they mean the Catholic Bible—Yes ; if they mean the Protestant Bible—No. The latter is the word of the devil, and is a lie, because written by the father of lies. When Luther left the Church he immediately changed the Bible to justify his actions, and they have been at it ever since, until now there are no less than four thousand variations in the Protestant Bible, consisting of texts left out, parts of texts suppressed, additions and alterations in punctuation which change the meaning. This book

Catholics are warned against. Do not think because the Church forbids the reading of it that she is a tyrant. If a mother saw her child have a razor in its hand would she not immediately take it away? Well, the Protestant Bible is a razor in the hand of a child; a man may use a razor because he knows how, and a priest may read by permission a Protestant Bible because his education is such as to not make it dangerous to him. Some will tell you a Catholic is not allowed to read any Bible; if any one says a Catholic cannot read a Catholic Bible tell him he is a liar—tell him he is a jackass. Tell him for me—with my compliments—

HE IS A JACKASS.

This class of literature also comprises those newspapers and tracts of whatsoever kind that make fun of your religion. And I find that in this city are some which are not only forbidden by the fact that they ridicule your religion, but are also specially forbidden by the Archbishop of this diocese; and yet I learn that some Catholics read them! How much better it would be for the Church if he were rid of such! A Catholic ought not to be ashamed of his religion and read a paper of this kind to escape the sneers of Protestants. He then becomes a lick-spittle of Protestants. When a lukewarm, milk and-water Catholic like this comes to me and says he needs to on account of his business, I do hate such a Catholic; I feel like spitting in his face. Then, my children, I would warn you against all books of superstition, for they are against faith. All fortune-telling books are forbidden because God only can foretell future events; even the angels are unable to do this, how much less men! Also all books of immoral tendencies purporting to be medical works and intended to encourage improper practices, especially those illustrated with improper cuts that a Catholic eye should never see. All novels and light reading. Now what is the duty of a Catholic when a book published by a Bible society is placed in his hands, or when a lady with a blue veil and a reticule on her arm, looking like a potato taken from the cellar, where it has been for ten years, hands you a tract, or, if you won't take one, sticks it under the door or in at the window? Some of you are fond of the weed—some of you smoke—then

JUST LIGHT YOUR PIPE OR CIGAR WITH IT,

or let your wife make coffee with it. These tracts generally have four or five leaves, and are written by Methodist ministers, who have no money in their pockets, and it is done to make money and get a living. These tracts will perhaps tell you that works are not necessary to salvation, or tell you untrue stories about priests or nuns; burn them; and when you have any doubts about a publication, come and ask your fathers confessor. If you can read buy Catholic books and papers; subscribe to them,—they will make a good Catholic of you, and you will be able to fight Protestants with your intellect as well as your fists: the former being a more effective way.

The following is of old standing. Are the present utterances an improvement?

—"There was a Kerry priest," began Ned Shea, "an' he had the fashion of hearin' confessions wid a slate and pencil; an' he'd write down every sin, an' the price of it opposite. Well, one day a big mountziny fellow came to his duty, an' says he, 'I bruk a man's head last Hallow Eve.' 'That's ninepence,' said the priest. 'I cut the tail ov Larry Kelly's cow.' 'That's a shillin'—oh, a shillin' that is!' And down it went on the slate. 'I nearly murdered me wife twice.' 'That's thruppence; go on.' 'I kilt an Orangeman.' 'Whoo!' says the priest, rubbin' out everything, '*That clanes out all the rest!*'"

